

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper*



AT THE INDIAN CAMP.

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER XVIII.—MAIN-ROUGE AND HIS FOLLOWING.

FROM tales related by her father and old neighbours at the Elms, Constance knew what a signal of death and destruction the Indian war-whoop was. She sprang up also, and the two peeped out of the window, which was so constructed in the thick wall that those within could see without

being seen. A glorious morning had broken on the wooded hills and the wild valley, but its light showed them that the enclosure around the house was occupied by Indians, arrayed somewhat like the Mohawks, and fully armed with rifle and tomahawk. Greenland's gate stood wide open, some active member of the tribe having climbed over and withdrawn the bars, thus admitting the rest, while all within the block-house were asleep. A band of stern old warriors had stationed themselves round the building,

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with their rifles pointed at its windows. I call them "rifles," as the familiar word for fire-arms nowadays, but in truth they were ruder and "smoothbore" weapons. Beyond them the young men of the tribe flourished their tomahawks with gestures of savage fury; and on the hill-side, just above the stream, another group were busy kindling a fire.

Constance and Hannah flung on their clothes, and hurried out to give the alarm; but the men were all astir—indeed, no living man could sleep in such a din, for whoop after whoop rose from without, followed by thundering knocks with the butt-ends of muskets at the door.

"It's strong," said Greenland, "and will stand a good deal o' cavin'. What brings the varmints to my place, I wonder? I never had a quarrel with them, and their nearest settlement is miles away on the borders of the Mohawk country. Howsomever, there's mischief in their heads when they open their throats that way; but I'm thankful there's two rifles here, my own and Vanderslock's. I wish the stock of powder and ball was bigger, but it aint, so we must lose nothing. The loopholes in the loft will give us the best aim. I'm a pretty good marksman myself, so I'll take the front one. Vanderslock's a good shot—he'll take the back, I know; and Mr. Quaker, you and the boy could blaze away with the pistols from the windows, and frighten the savages if you did no more."

"I have no pistols, friend," said Jacob. "I hold it contrary to a Christian's duty to carry or use any weapons of the kind, for if his Master sees good, he can deliver him from all danger, and if not, the Lord's will be done. But I will tell thee what I will do for our common defence, which is, indeed, the safest way, seeing thy munitions of war are but scanty: I will parley from this window with the chief of the Indians, for I know him to be Main-rouge, a raging heathen in his wrath, but otherwise just and reasonable; since thou hast no quarrel, it may be some mistake that has brought them here."

"Well, ole man, it's no doubt a Christian way to spend the fag end o' your time, and there's not much of a better chance for us; but while you're parleyin' I'll just get ready my rifle. Do you the same, Vanderslock; and every one o' you, especially the ladies, keep well away to the corners, for fear o' them savages firin' straight in when he opens the window."

Undeterred by that danger, Jacob opened the shutter of a small unglazed aperture above the settle, out of which he had previously taken a cautious look, and said to the yelling savages in a quiet tone, "Friends, what is your business here?" Calm courage generally commands the respect of the red men. Their whoops ceased; their ferocious faces turned towards Jacob. Some of them pointed their rifles at him, others flourished their tomahawks, but the Quaker did not shrink; and a man of larger frame than most of the Indian race, but as gaunt and spare as they commonly are, advanced to parley with him. His buffalo robe, rich in its rude embroidery, his belt made of silver plates and scarlet leather, and the number of weapons, both European and Indian, stuck in it, the superior brilliancy of his war-paint, and the peculiar crown of feathers with which his head was decorated, all proclaimed him to be the chief of his tribe, the redoubtable Main-rouge.

One who looked on that Indian's face could well believe Lieutenant Gray's account of him; there was such a look of iron sternness about the brow and

mouth, and such concentrated fire in the deep-set eyes. Thick as the war-paint was, it could not conceal the furrows which a hard life, or hard thoughts, rather than time, had made there; for the chief was still upright, active, and sinewy as any of his tribe."

"We want Major Danby's squaw," he said, after a considerable survey of Jacob.

"And what might be thy business with her, friend?" inquired the time-gaining Quaker.

"Our squaws are waiting for the woman."

The haughty, vindictive malice of the Indian's look, and the yell from his people that followed, for the moment appalled even Jacob.

"Major Danby's squaw is not here, and we know nothing about her," he said. "We are travellers from Boston, who have lost our way, and taken shelter in this block-house for the night."

"Do you keep a store of big lies ready to tell Indians?" said Main-rouge.

"I am one of Penn's people, friend." And Jacob made a large display of his drab coat. "Didst thou ever know any of them to tell the Indians lies?"

"No; but let me see the women you have with you," said the unconvinced chief.

It was now plain for whom the party were mistaken by the vengeful red men; and by Jacob's advice, Constance, Hannah, and the Frau at once stood up on the settle, where their faces could be most plainly seen through the little window. The Indians crowded to the spot, and gazed up at them, but a general head-shaking and look of disappointment announced that their eager pursuit was foiled, for fortunately neither Constance nor Hannah in the least resembled Major Danby's squaw.

The next moment hoarse voices spoke out among the Wampanoags. They were evidently suggesting that the woman wanted was hidden in the house, for every eye glared with savage indignation—every hand brandished hatchet or rifle, and another war-whoop burst from all the warriors except Main-rouge himself. He stood gazing on Constance with such fixed earnestness, that in spite of her resolution not to seem afraid, the girl trembled in every limb.

"Whose squaw are you?" he said at length.

"I am nobody's squaw; I am not married, chief," said poor Constance.

"Whose daughter are you, then?" and the Indian came close up to the window.

"I am the daughter of Squire Delamere, of the Elms," said Constance.

"The great house on the banks of the Connecticut, at the foot of the Hoosac hills?" he inquired.

"The same," she said; and was about to step down, when the Indian made an urgent sign for her to stay.

"Listen;" and he spoke slowly. "Twenty winters ago, when I was with Montcalm and his people among the Great Lakes, and all the warriors of our tribe were with me, the Mohawks, who had taken up the hatchet for the English, fell upon our settlement. All the women and children who could get away fled to the borders of Massachusetts, the land that was once our own, and my wife and her five little ones wandered as far as the banks of the Connecticut. There your father found them shivering under a tree one day, when the snow was falling fast. He knew I loved the French and hated the English; but he took my wife and children home to his house, kept them at free living, and suffered none of his people to deal unkindly with them, till

I and my warriors came back, and drove the Mohawks out of our settlement. Then he sent them safely to me, loaded with blankets and stuffs, bread and white man's meat, and guarded by his men, that no enemy might find them by the way; and then I swore that if ever he or his came to want or extremity, I would help and stand by them, though they had killed my father. Therefore fear nothing; you are Delamere's daughter—your face tells me so, and Delamere's daughter is mine."

He turned and spoke in their own language to the warriors, who had by this time silently gathered round him; for some of them understood English, though the greater part did not.

"My noble father," said Constance, while the tears sprang to her eyes, "from how many voices have I heard of your generous deeds!"

"Yes, my daughter," said the Quaker; "and the bread he cast on those wild waters so long ago seems returning this day to benefit not only his child, but, it may be, our whole company."

As Jacob spoke, a strong odour of burning wood began to fill the house; there was a crackling sound somewhere above, and a yell of triumph came from the hill-side. The youths who kindled the fire there had been amusing themselves unobserved and unchecked all the time of the parley by flinging blazing brands at the roof of the block-house. Many had fallen short, but the aim was at last successful. Greenland went up to the loft to see what was the matter, and rushed down with the intelligence that the roof was in flames, and the old place would burn like tinder. With that announcement he unbarred the door, and every one made the best of their way out, for the smoke was now suffocating. Greenland darted back for his rifle and the family Bible—there was no time to save anything else. The burning roof fell in upon the loft, the loft fell into the rooms below, a shower of sparks and a column of flame went up to the morning sky, and the comfortable substantial block-house, with all its owner's treasured chattels, was a burning mass that must soon be reduced to ashes. The sight of it woke up the destructive instincts of the Indian tribe, with the exception of Main-rouge and a few old warriors who stood apart, looking on the scene with haughty unconcern. The entire band danced round the blazing building with the most frightful yells and brandishing of weapons, which, however, they did not turn upon the whites, but allowed the men to get the horses and their travelling gear out of the shed, while Constance and Hannah, at a sign from the chief, retired for safety behind him and his company. The Frau followed their example, but nobody—not even Greenland, who knew the surrounding wilds—made the slightest attempt to escape, for they knew it would be worse than useless. The Indian never loses an opportunity of carrying away captive or hostage for whom ransom may be exacted or claims enforced. The excited plebeians and the composed patricians had the same watchful eye upon them.

The wild dance went on for some time, getting more furiously triumphant at every crash of the burning walls, till the chief, thinking his following had been sufficiently indulged in their taste for mischief, issued his marching orders, which were directly obeyed.

A couple of powerful Indians disarmed Vanderslock and Greenland of their rifles, but left the latter his Bible. "I knew it was the only thing the var-

mints wouldn't take from me, and maybe the best worth savin'," he said, in after moralising. The tribe had a sort of respect for the book he carried so carefully, supposing it to be the "white man's medicine," or amulet, and by way of security, passed round it, under Greenland's arm, the strong bark rope, with which they bound his right and the Dutchman's left together, knowing that, attached to such a figure as Vanderslock, it was not possible for the active woodsman to run away. Constance, Philip, and the Quaker, with Hannah behind him, were allowed their horses. The frau got possession of her husband's shaggy steed, and rode triumphant on his saddle with a stout basket of household goods before her; but they rode in single file, after the fashion of the red man's march. There was always an Indian or two close by every bridle, and thus the luckless company set forth from Block-house Hollow across the wild and wooded hills to the Wampanoag settlement, on the borders of the Mohawk country.

At the same hour, Caleb Sewell and three of Jacob's men set out on their backward way to search and inquire for the missing four. The rest of the party, though, like them, driven aside by the onward rush of the Green Mountain Boys and the blinding hailstorm, had under Caleb's guidance regained the path, and proceeded for some distance before they missed their companions. When about to turn and seek for them, the report of a traveller whom they chanced to meet, and who had seen persons answering to their description far ahead, made them push on. They reached Harmony at the fall of night, but found that their friends had not arrived there, and the wagons had gone forward. The men in charge of them having heard the news of the insurrection, thought it best to get out of the disturbed province as soon as they could.

Caleb and his company stayed at the Quaker village for the night, the rest remained there all the next day, while he and his three assistants rode over the ground they had traversed as far as Bedford, inquiring in every direction for the lost travellers. No certain intelligence of them could be obtained, but from vague accounts which they had of some such people being seen on the public road and at village inns, the searchers concluded that their missing ones were still before them; and after another night's rest in Harmony, the company continued their journey, inquiring and advertising for the four at every stage, but inquiring and advertising in vain, for they had mistaken the wrong path for the right one, and in travelling, as in life, such mistakes are apt to have serious consequences.

CHAPTER XIX.—LIFE IN AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

In those days the province of New York had two strongly contrasted divisions. Its seaward side, inhabited by the descendants of Dutch, French, and English colonists, was the seat of cultivation, wealth, and commerce, rivalling those of the mother-country; but its inland and largest half was the territory of the Six Nations, those remnants of the aboriginal race who had sought refuge in that central land from the white man's advance on north and south, and maintained there the rude independence and primitive fashions of their fathers.

The summer tourist, in his wanderings among the highlands of the Upper Hudson, still meets with many a memorial of the long-banished people,

besides the beautiful river that bears the Mohawk's name; but at the time of our story every tribe had its own settlement or village. That of the Wampanoags lay nearest to the Massachusetts frontier, and hither Main-rouge and his following hastened with their prizes.

It was a fatiguing march for the whites and their poor horses, hurried through the rough and tangled ways of a forest land, on which it seemed that no axe had been lifted, for clearing or human habitation there was none, with no rest allowed but a short time at noon, on a grassy spot where a living spring gleamed and bubbled up at the root of a giant tree. There the Indians drank water and dozed on the grass, with some always wide awake and keeping watch over the spoil. Long and very quick marches are the fashion with most barbarous races. When the sun began to decline, they were all afoot once more, and through the cool, clear night their silent march went on, for Indians rarely speak in transit; but the morning was well advanced before they came in sight of the settlement. It was an open valley, surrounded by low and grassy hills, with wood-crowned heights beyond them. The village stood in its centre, on the banks of a winding stream; the morning sun was shining on the pleasant hills, on the low roofs, and on the laughing waters; and as they descended the beaten path that led from the uplands to the valley, the whole scene looked so pastoral and peaceful, that it reminded Constance of the shepherd life and Arcadian vales of which old poets sung.

The fair fancy was quickly dispelled. Scarcely had they come within hearing distance, when a whoop, more shrill and discordant than that of the warriors round the block-house, burst from the village, and out of it came rushing a band of hags, withered, wizened, and wicked-looking enough for witches about to begin some vengeful spell, and every one flourishing a birch-rod, that might have met the requirements of any of the old school teachers, by whom that instrument was believed to play an important part in the improvement of the youthful mind. These were the ladies said to be in waiting for Mrs. Major Danby; and Jacob's reflection on the bread which Delamere had cast on the wild waters was soon proved to be true. Indian indignation will vent itself on the first of the offender's race it can reach; and the interesting company yelled and flourished their birches at Constance and Hannah in a style which made it evident that one white woman would serve their turn as well as another.

Before they could get sufficiently near to do any damage, the chief stopped their progress with an imperious gesture and some words of command, which his warriors seconded by each addressing his liege lady in a similar manner; whereon the gentle fair ones, looking considerably disappointed, but without a word, after the fashion of Indian women, retired to their domestic affairs, and Main-rouge and his following entered the village. A curious sight it was for the party of whites, now relieved from apprehensions of immediate danger, to see the wigwams of which it was composed, low, brown and weather-stained, half tents, half houses, made partly of timber and partly of prepared skins, without chimneys or glazed windows, the smoke making its egress by a hole in the roof, and the light finding entrance by open slits in the wall. Yet, for the requirements of Indian life, they were not uncomfortable homes; there was no appearance of want or

scalarm about them. Robust red children played at every open door; women were busy about the fires within; savoury odours of venison and wild fowl in progress of cooking pervaded the atmosphere; all round the village a broad belt of growing corn, with scarcely a fence or landmark to divide the fields, gave promise that bread would be plenty among them before the next fall; and beyond it, horses and cattle in considerable numbers grazed on the abundant herbage of the valley. The Wampanoags were well-to-do, according to their wants and ways; and looking on that prosperous though secluded settlement, one might have guessed how things went with the tribes of the western world before the white man's foot, and all the ills which that ominous "plant" predicted, were known upon the soil.

"Welcome home, my daughter," said the chief, as he assisted Constance from her saddle at the door of his own wigwam, with courtesy scarcely to be expected from an old warrior of the red race. "Welcome home; and fear nothing, you or your friends, for neither man nor woman shall lift hand against you;" and he gallantly handed her in, giving Jacob and Hannah a sign to follow, and by a similar motion committing the Vanderslocks and Greenland to the charge of some of his following, doubtless known to be trusty and discreet. His dwelling was worthy of an Indian chief. The premises properly consisted of three wigwams, the principal being in the centre, and the inferior one on each side of it. They were for the accommodation of his retinue. Some of them were hired people, but the greater part were slaves—captives taken in war with other tribes—and many of them sent as presents to him by friendly chiefs; but their exact number his white prizes never knew.

The hired men did his hunting business, and brought home from the abundantly-stocked woods venison, bison meat, and wild fowl enough to supply his ample household; the rest did all manner of work without and within doors, and being slaves, the men were expected to do as much as the women, with which exception all difference between the faring of free and bond man ended.

The central wigwam was the private residence of Main-rouge, and a princely mansion of the kind it was, consisting of a great hall, with a fireplace at the upper end, and several smaller apartments partitioned off on either side by curtains of skin, so thick and well-secured that they formed very good substitutes for our lath and plaster.

That hall was the place of state, of council, and of feasting; there the chief sat in Indian splendour, on a low log settle, covered with a bearskin, wearing his embroidered robe, his wampum belt, and his moccasins, covered with beads and shells, to receive visits of ceremony from the chiefs of other tribes or the agents of white authorities, to give judgment in cases of dispute or accusation among his people, and to hold high festival in celebration of some glorious victory or advantageous marriage.

He sat there now, not in such solemn state, but with his white guests, for the three were treated as such. His attendants spread a liberal table before them. It was simply a board supported by uprights and trestles, but heaped with the best of Indian fare; and having spread it, they retired to the farther end of the hall, where they squatted on the floor till the great people had finished, and then shared the remnants of the feast among themselves. The red man

does nothing—at least in a friendly way—without time and ceremony. It was not till they had eaten the morning meal together, and he had made them a short speech, setting forth how welcome they were to his wigwam, that the chief inquired of Jacob if Hannah was his squaw, what relation he was to Squire Delamere and his daughter, where the party were going when they rested for the night at the block-house. This was the opportunity for which the prudent Quaker had waited. Trading with the Indians had given him some knowledge of their character and ways, and he at once replied to the chief's questions with full particulars regarding himself and his companions. "Thou perceivest," he added, "that I am thus separated from my wife and daughter, my friends and servants, not to speak of my household goods, which were sent on before; that Delamere's daughter and the boy Philip, who is her page, and Delamere's housekeeper, this honest woman, whose name is Hannah Armstrong, were all placed under my charge by himself before he went on the war-path, because of the loving friendship that was between us, and that it behoves me to guide them safely to Philadelphia, and keep them in my house there supplied with all things necessary till he returns. Wherefore I beseech thee, for the sake of Delamere, and thy remembrance of his good deeds done to thy family, to agree with me on the terms of ransom for us all, and be sure that whatsoever thou askest in reason I will pay. Let some of thy people accompany us to the borders of Pennsylvania—for truly we know not this country—or let them go onward with us to the city and receive the ransom."

"I will take no ransom for Delamere's daughter or Delamere's friends; he took none for my wife and five children when I was on the war-path against his people; they shall dwell in my wigwams and share my venison till such times as I can send them with fitting guides and guards to Philadelphia; for the Six Nations are disturbed concerning what side they should take in the dispute between King George and the people of the land; other tribes are remembering their ancient battles and enmities, and the Mingoes have already taken up the hatchet."

They all thanked him, but he cut their acknowledgments short with the stately courtesy of an Indian chief, saying to Constance in particular: "You are young, and think only of the present; but I remember the past, and the six that shivered under the tree in the falling snow."

"Are they all with you yet, chief?" she ventured to say, for her curiosity on the point had been roused by seeing an old dame, as withered and as wizened as any of the ladies with the birch, superintending things in general about the wigwam.

"No," said Main-rouge; "they are all in the spirit country; the wife that loved me, the four sons that fought by my side, and the daughter that was the light of my days. I kindled the night fire for one after another, to light them on their journey to the happy hunting-ground; but I kindled none for her: she died far beyond the great waters; my daughter married a Frenchman, and went with him to his father's land. They made much of her there: she had all things rich and fine; but in their great towns and lofty houses she pined for the woods, and so departed early on that journey which all the living must take."

Main-rouge—his own name was Masotes, but he

dropped it for the more distinguished title—was a remarkable man in his day.

Like the famous King Philip, whom he reckoned among his ancestors, he had received an English education, being sent to New York for that purpose, when very young, by his father. The old chief had been always friendly to the English, and a great admirer of their arts and learning, yet his son, to whom such opportunities of acquiring both were given, not only returned to Indian life and habits, but took the French side in the succeeding war, and proved faithful to the cause he had adopted even when it was ruined. The choice had been disastrous to himself and his people, yet no chief had greater authority over his tribe, or was held in higher respect by the Six Nations for wisdom, valour, and faithfulness to covenant or treaty, and doubtless he would have honourably kept his promise to the three, but for one of those temptations of family interest and affection which at times prove too strong for the red man as well as for the white.

He kept it well. In the mean time, had Constance been the only daughter of the redoubtable Red-hand, she could not have experienced more kindness and consideration. The chief himself, having some remembrance of the attentions to which white ladies were accustomed, would gallantly hand her to a seat by his side on the bearskin-covered settle, and divide with his own red hands her portion of the best with which his board was furnished. Jacob and Hannah were scarcely less distinguished in the wigwam. Philip, for being her page, was admitted to a place in the hall. Greenland and Vanderslock were unbound, and they, together with Frau, being known to be strangers and lumberers, were made free of the inferior dwellings as humble but welcome guests. The little company thus felt themselves safe among the savage tribe, with whom their chief's word was law; and though much dissatisfaction had prevailed in the village because his expedition furnished no sacrifice for the Indian Nemesis, yet the whole population, finding there was nothing of the kind to be had, at once got reconciled to the strangers.

They were making themselves at home in the new society, where it was evident their sojourn might be for some time, when one morning a great bustle throughout the village, and shouts not unlike the war-whoop, announced some distinguished arrival. Constance looked out among the rest, and saw that it was a Mohawk chief, with an ample following of warriors in full array; but that chief was no other than Kashutan, the handsome Indian whom she had once mistaken for Sydney Archdale. The discovery was not cheering under present circumstances. Moreover, she perceived, at the same instant, that the young Mohawk had caught sight of herself, and recognised her, too, though he betrayed no sign of the like among the warriors. Yet, when the ceremonious greetings with which Main-rouge and his people welcomed their visitors were finished, and the most distinguished were thronging into the hall, the old chief conducted him to the retired corner whero she had taken her seat, and said, "This is my nephew; his name is Kashutan; he is the son of Shingis, chief of the Puma tribe of Mohawks, whose face is known to the Six Nations and all the pale faces in this land."

Miss Delamere dropped a deep curtsey, and said she was happy to make the acquaintance of a gentleman so distinguished. The young Mohawk made the

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same graceful bow with which he had stepped out of her way in Harbour Street, and said some words which his uncle interpreted to mean that the sight of her face was as pleasant to him as the sunshine after rain.

"These are his warriors," continued old Red-hand, introducing the formidable array that now filled the hall, and he made them a short speech, setting forth, as Constance afterwards learned, her father's rank and wealth and her own prospects of inheriting his large estate.

The Mohawks were reckoned, not only the handsomest and most ferocious, but also the most polite of the Six Nations, and in those respects all their tribes were said to be excelled by that of the Puma, or American tiger, the special patron of Kashutan and his people, for, as the knightly orders of the middle ages selected their patrons from among the canonized, the clans of red men found theirs among the wild dwellers of their native forests. Moreover, they were best acquainted with white manners and customs, having been the faithful allies of the English for almost a century, and constantly engaged in trade with their merchants or agents. The entire company did reverence to the squire's daughter. It might have been observed that the younger braves bowed much the lowest, and those who had English enough said, "Wish the missy a good day." Constance made the best acknowledgments she could think of, and all parties seemed satisfied that the correct thing had been done; but the peculiar etiquette of these gentry of the wilderness was exemplified when the chief presented his less notable guests, including their familiar acquaintance, Jacob Stoughton. They went through the whole ceremonial of introduction with as much solemn formality as if one of them had never seen the Quaker before, but when it was finished Kashutan and several of his warriors shook hands with him in the most friendly manner; and some of them inquired, in tolerable English, after his fellow-merchants, with whom they had traded in Boston.

DOWN A COAL MINE.

I WAS a long time in the coal district, residing with a brother, then holding a curacy there, before it struck me to go down a mine. I decided on the Rosebridge pit, at Ince, near Wigan, the deepest, and at the same time one of the best managed in England. The Rosebridge is the deepest in a single drop, being about seven hundred and forty-five yards. The Duckinfield is still a deeper mine, but it is reached in two stages. Owing to the kindness of one of the managers, I found but little difficulty in getting permission to go down, although but few ladies ever make the descent; and accompanied by two friends, arrayed in my most unsuitable and unspoilable costume, I started in very good spirits.

We first went through the engine-house, where several women were engaged in constantly rubbing parts of the machinery with oil. There were two large and beautiful engines at work—one for the up shaft and one for the down. A dial with hands like a clock was opposite each, which showed the engineers when to turn off steam. Everything seemed perfectly easy, regular, and systematic.

The great chains which held the cages were steeped in tar to prevent friction, and wound round the beam with the ease and pliancy of india-rubber.

After examining everything of interest in the engine-house, we took our places in the cage—an iron framework, capable of holding eight people; it was in four compartments, where two persons could stand in each; underneath was space for two coal tubs.

At first when we started the sensation was a cold rushing noise, then intense suffocating, sulphuric heat, with a terrible rush of hot air as we passed the region of the furnaces; then an awful sense of being whirled up, up, up, at a fearful speed, the wind still rushing; then the cage gently touched the ground. For a moment I felt completely stupid, we had come down a clean drop of half a mile in fifty seconds, and reached the bottom so easily that I could not tell exactly when we stopped.

I shall never forget the feeling of darkness. It reminded me instantly of "the darkness that might be felt," thick, heavy, impenetrable. On getting out of the cage I groped my way blindly, the feeble light of our Davy lamps making the gloom still more intense. There was a rush of cold, fresh air, which came sighing and sobbing through invisible passages, and which made me shiver all over after the fierce heat I had just passed through.

In a few minutes I began to get used to the obscurity, the lamps burned a little brighter, and I saw more plainly where I stood. A wide vaulted chamber, about twelve feet high, the walls of broken and irregular masses of slate and granite; the roof propped in every direction with great beams; huge masses of rock apparently ready to fall; immense jutting shelves of slate; several men sitting in a corner chopping wood; dark corridors, gloomy, endless, mysterious, branching off in all directions; a rushing of air like distant thunder—that was my first experience of a coal mine; but collier and coal were alike invisible.

Our guide led us up one of the passages a little way, and into a room with an irregularly arched roof but level slate floor, containing a table covered with mathematical instruments, a desk, and a rude bench all round. We sat down, and in a few minutes were joined by the overseer, a polite, gentlemanly man, who was to be our escort to the workings, nearly a mile and a half distant. There was a terrible and deafening sound as of the banging of doors, and a rush of cold air, and he explained to us that that was how the pit was ventilated. About three miles distant was another shaft like the one we came down, which supplied the fresh air. Its huge furnaces were situated about half-way up the shaft, and men were constantly heaping coals on day and night—never did anything else. These fires made a draught, and the fresh air was so drawn through the pit; and he showed us a wonderful method they had for measuring how many thousand feet of pure air rushed through daily.

We then walked along the widest of the corridors for a considerable distance. It was laid with little tramways, and we often had to stand close against the wall to permit the tenders guiding their tubs to pass, which they did at railway speed. Sometimes the place was too low to admit of our walking upright, our conductor often warning us to mind our heads. Again it would rise to ten feet. Sometimes we could hardly pass between the tram lines and the

wall, and again we could walk three abreast. It was a terribly long, tortuous way; and despite the careful propping, the roof looked in many places as if it would come tumbling down, and considering the enormous pressure, it is wonderful that it does not.

At last we came to the working, the deepest seam then open in England except one—the very deepest in active mining. It was scarcely four feet high, appearing very long, in reality about forty yards, and they had then mined nearly ten feet from the opening. We had to creep in, and the heat was intense. I shall not easily forget the scene; the men, half naked, lying on their faces, their lamps, like stars, twinkling far away in the darkness, and only half revealing their dusky figures; the dull, measured thud of the pick echoing far in the distance; and the lithe, wiry boys silently filling the tubs and wheeling them away. One of the men offered me his pick, which I took, and after two or three efforts succeeded in dislodging a large piece of coal. Of course, I was then called on to "pay my footing." Another showed me by the flame of his lamp that there was a little "fire damp," but nothing dangerous, the Rosebridge being one of the safest coal pits known, never having had an explosion.

I did not stay very long in the workings, the heat being too great, and I felt truly glad to get out into the cool corridor again, very much pleased with all I had seen, and inclined to say that meeting colliers on their own ground, they were not nearly so bad as they appeared to be in my intercourse with them above ground, when visiting their families in their homes. I had found them perfectly civil, obliging, and good-humoured, and I could not help wishing they brought some of their good qualities out into the light of day. We made our way back by another passage, neither so wide nor well-ventilated as the one we came by, passing a very snug-looking stable well filled with hay, and containing two or three nice little ponies luxuriating in idleness; they had little to do since the laying down of the "trams." We reached the "shaft" thoroughly tired, and the sensation going up was even worse than coming down. I must confess I was glad to get once more into the sunshine, light, and pure air,—tarry, tired, and grimy as I was, but much pleased with my adventure, after having spent five hours half a mile underground.

On Hearing the Chiff-Chaff,

THE EARLIEST AND SMALLEST OF OUR MIGRATORY BIRDS.

WHERE mighty forest trees uprear
Their leafless boughs on high,
We listen with attentive ear,
And watch with practised eye,

While music from the loosened throat
Of many a winter bird,
In liquid sweetness, note on note,
Through all the wood is heard.

But not the trill of merry thrush,
Or blackbird's cadence clear,
Or twittering finch, in tree or bush,
Can satisfy our ear.

Ah, what is that short simple song
Which trembles through the air?
That is the voice for which we long—
Our favourite hails us there.

Two syllables are all the store
Of music in its breast,
But like a fountain running o'er,
Its twin notes never rest.

It tells us that the nightingale
Will soon be on its way,
And that the swallow without fail
Will keep its ordered day.

It heralds the bright wing'd crowd
Which flock from over seas;
It harbinger the concert loud
Of vernal melodies.

Therefore we love those twin notes plain
For more than meets the ear,
As pledges of the glorious strain
Which crowns the perfect year.

So, in our hearts, a still small voice
Comes preluding the song
With which the glorious saints rejoice
In heaven's exultant throng!

RICHARD WILTON.

A Song of Land at Sea.

"Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, anything."—*Tempest*, scene 1.

SOFT wind, low piping through the shrouds all day,
Dost thou not whisper of the woods to me?
Oh for thy wings, that I might speed away
Over this trackless waste of weary sea!

Sing on, sweet wind, a song of summer leaves,
Lisping, through trembling shadows in the lane,
Of roses nodding under moss-grown eaves,
Of raindrops tinkling on the cottage pane.

Under thy pinions bent the springing wheat,
The large field-daisies bowed their starry crowns,
The wild thyme sighed to thee, and faintly sweet
The scent of gorse was blown across the downs.

Soft wind, low piping through the shrouds to me,
What would I give to roam where thou hast been!
A thousand furlongs of this restless sea
For one lone mile of moor or woodland green!

SARAH DOUDNEY.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

F^{RANCIS JOSEPH}, the first Emperor of Austria and Apostolic King of Hungary, is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable of living European sovereigns. He was born on August 18th, 1830, and on December 2nd, 1848, at the early age of eighteen, ascended the throne, in consequence of the resignation of his uncle, Ferdinand I, who declared that the condition of the period claimed "younger shoulders" (*jüngere kräft*) to grapple with it. To Ferdinand's

life in his retirement at Prague, and his recent decease there, we had lately occasion to refer in the article on "Uncrowned Kings" ("Leisure Hour" for January).

At the time of Francis Joseph's accession to the throne his rebellious capital had just been reduced by the efforts of Prince Windischgrätz; but Hungary and the eastern part of the monarchy had practically rendered itself independent of its legitimate sovereign and separated from Austria proper. At that moment it seemed as if the entire disruption of the empire of Rudolph of Hapsburg were imminent, for in the south also the Italian provinces were either in rebellion or could but with difficulty be contained by the iron hand of Radetzki. In March, 1849, King Charles Albert of Sardinia renewed the hostilities which had been brought to a close at Custoza twelve months previously, but within three days the entire war was terminated by the battle of Novara, and Charles Albert compelled to resign the throne. The Hungarian insurrection was put down by the aid of the Russians, and at Villagos all that remained of the Hungarian army and Honveds were compelled to surrender. The integrity of the monarchy was once more secured. It may be noticed that at the siege of Raab the emperor himself was one of the first to scale the walls, and his example so animated his troops that the town was taken at the very first assault.

Francis Joseph never thought of ruling Austria on the old patriarchal plan which had broken down in 1848; but immediately the revolution was suppressed, he granted some liberal reforms, the first of which was the establishment of the Council of the Empire, for the examination of all new laws about to be passed. In 1854 he married the Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, who was then scarcely seventeen years old, and was generally considered one of the most beautiful of European princesses. Both the emperor and empress undertook, in 1857, a journey to Lombardy and Venetia, with the avowed object of conciliating their Italian subjects. The reception with which they met appeared satisfactory at the time, but no more than two years later the disaffection that had remained smouldering under the ashes would have broken out in open rebellion had not the war Austria then sustained against France and Sardinia compelled the entire cession of Lombardy to the Emperor of the French, who was to make it over to King Victor Emmanuel of Sardinia.

This war of 1859 was the first break in the until then uninterrupted good fortune of Francis Joseph, and its teachings were not lost on him. In 1860 he called into his counsel Count Goluchowski, by whose advice representative constitutions were given to each of the component parts of the empire, and these were followed in the month of February, 1861, by Herr von Schmerling's so-called February patent for the establishment of a central parliament for the whole empire. To this the Hungarian Diet, at the instigation of Déák, took exception, and during four years the Reichsrath sat as a kind of rump parliament, at the end of which it was indefinitely prorogued. The resistance of both Hungary and Bohemia, as well as the lukewarmness of the Poles of Galicia, prevented the success of Baron von Schmerling's constitutional plan; and in 1865 a political deadlock supervened. About this time the Schleswig-Holstein conflict, in which Austria took a part in

union with Prussia, had been brought to a termination by the treaty of Vienna of August, 1864; and on the question of the disposal of the conquered provinces, and other points, disagreement ensued between the two allies, which was at first patched up by the treaty of Gastein in 1865, but in the end had to be fought out by the sword. The Austro-Prussian War of 1866 must be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers.

The kingdom of Italy, which had been constituted despite the opposition of Austria, joined in the fray, and although the Austrian troops fought bravely throughout, and were successful against the Italians both by land and by sea, the campaign in Bohemia proved disastrous; and to put an end to the bloodshed, Francis Joseph acquiesced in most of the demands of his northern opponent. He ceded Venetia to Italy, which by-the-by had been a foregone conclusion since the beginning of the war, and in Germany he made all the moral and most of the material concessions that were asked of him. By the treaty of Prague Austria withdrew from the German Confederation, and consented to the annexation of Schleswig-Holstein, Hanover, and Hesse by Prussia. In doing so the empire disconnected itself from all those ties which had until then attached it to Germany, and from that moment it became a "self-contained" monarchy.

The disasters of the war of 1866 were the stepping-stone to the entire reorganisation of the Austrian empire. Count Beust, whom Francis Joseph appointed his Prime Minister in 1867, effected a settlement with Hungary, by which the Austrian Reichsrath and the Hungarian Diet were to attend each to its own concerns, and all imperial matters were to be decided on by delegations from these two parliaments.

The Austro-Hungarian settlement, called *Ausgleich*, still in force, has put an end to the continual conflict between the two portions of the monarchy. In all other departments extensive reforms have likewise taken place since 1866, and so well has the Emperor understood to adopt proper measures just when they were wanted—that is to say, neither too soon nor too late—that a writer in the "Quarterly Review" was fully justified in remarking, some time ago, that Sadowa had been to Austria what Jena has been to Prussia, an everlasting boon evolved from apparent ruin.

An account of the life of Francis Joseph I must necessarily be co-extensive and almost identical with a history of the Austria of our own day. Thoroughly has this illustrious monarch succeeded in assimilating and identifying himself with his people, or rather his peoples, as we ought to say, considering the multiplicity of nationalities over which he rules. Having ascended the throne a mere youth and under gigantic difficulties, he has always proved equal to the high position he holds. By the union of the Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria he has two daughters and one son. The eldest daughter, the Archduchess Gisela, is married to the heir-presumptive to the throne of Bavaria, Prince Leopold; and it may be remarked that Francis Joseph was a grandfather at the early age of forty-four, and the Empress styled herself a grandmother before she was thirty-seven. The Archduke Rudolph was born in August, 1858, and all that is known of him leads us to infer that he will some day be a worthy successor of his illustrious father.

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THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.



NOTES FROM A DIARY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

II.

21st September.—Came to town in company with Colonel G. and his family, and was obliged to go that night to Westminster Hall, being obliged to that inconvenience on account of the number of spectators, which would make it difficult for us to get to our places in the morning. At twelve reached our seats, and were extremely diverted with the chat of several very agreeable ladies, with which we amused ourselves till morning. Daylight breaking, we discovered an agreeable sight as I ever before beheld—the galleries filled with ladies and gentlemen dressed in the utmost taste. About nine o'clock their majesties came privately in chairs from St. James's into the Hall. The king went to a room which they call the Court of Wards, and the queen into that belonging to the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod. The nobility and others who were to walk in the procession were mustered and ranged by the officers of arms in the Court of Request, Painted Chamber, and House of Lords, from whence the whole cavalcade was conducted into Westminster Hall. Their majesties being robed, came into the Hall, and took their seats at the upper end, under magnificent canopies of crimson velvet; the queen's chair was on the left hand of the king's. In about half-an-hour the Hall gate was thrown open, when the Bishop of Rochester, as Dean of Westminster, preceded by the choristers, singers, and prebendaries, brought the Bible and the following regalia to the king, viz., St. Edward's crown, rested on a cushion of cloth of gold; the orb with the cross; a scepter with the dove on the top; another tipped with a cross; and a staff of beaten gold, commonly called St. Edward's staff. The queen's regalia were brought at the same time, viz., her crown, upon a cushion of cloth of gold; a scepter, with a cross; and a rod of ivory, with a dove. These were severally laid before their majesties, and afterwards delivered to the officers who were to bear them in the procession.

Being willing to see the procession pass through the streets while the officers at arms were marshalling the cavalcade, I found means to get out of the Hall, and with my cousin hastened to Sir Alexander Grant's room in New Palace Yard, where from the windows we had a most extensive view of the whole. As my dear Irish friends could not enjoy a sight which few that were present then will probably ever see again, I will endeavour to describe it as minutely as I can, while the circumstances and details are fresh in my memory, though any description must fall far short of the reality. First, then, conceive to yourselves the fronts of the houses in all the streets that could command the least view lined with scaffolding, like so many galleries raised one above another to the very roofs. These were covered with carpets and cloths of different colours, which presented a pleasing variety to the eye: and if you consider the brilliant appearance of the spectators who were seated in them—many being richly dressed—you will easily imagine that this was no indifferent part of the show. The streets below were crowded with the mob, who made a pretty contrast to the company above; and add to this, that though we had nothing but wet and cloudy weather for some time before,

the day cleared up and the sun shone out, as it were in compliment to the grand festival.

The platform on which the procession was to be made was covered with blue bayze, and had, on account of the uncertainty of the weather, a kind of shelving roof covered with sail-cloth; but, as the day grew fine, the sail-cloth was removed, which gave not only a more extensive view, but also let in the light upon every part of the procession. Inside, the platform was lined with the Foot Guards, and many gentlemen put on soldier's clothes to have a nearer view. Outside the platform were stationed at proper distances the Horse Guards, whose horses greatly incommoded the people that pressed incessantly on them, though luckily no great mischief, as I have heard, was done. It was not unpleasant to see several tipping the horse soldiers shily from time to time, some with half-crowns, some with shillings, as they could muster up the cash, to let them pass between the horses to get nearer the platform, after which those unconscionable gentry drove them back again. Everything being regularly adjusted in the Hall, the procession, as follows, began to move towards the Abbey between eleven and twelve o'clock, viz.:—

The King's Herb Woman with her six Maids, strewing the way with herbs.

The Dean's Beadle of Westminster with his staff.

The High Constable of Westminster with his staff, in a scarlet cloak.

A Fife.

Four Drums.

The Drum-Major.

Eight Trumpets.

A Kettle-Drum.

Eight Trumpets.

The Sergeant Trumpeter.

The Six Clerks in Chancery.

The Closet Keepers of the Chapel Royal.

The King's Chaplains having dignities.

The Sheriffs of London.

The Aldermen of London.

Masters in Chancery.

The King's Sergeants-at-Law.

The Solicitor-General. The Attorney-General.

The King's Ancient Sergeant.

Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber.

Barons of the Exchequer and Justices of both Benches, two and two.

Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

Master of the Rolls. Chief Justice of King's Bench.

Children of the Choir of Westminster in surplices.

Organ Blower. Groom of the Vestry.

Gentlemen of the Chapel Royal in scarlet mantles.

Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal in scarlet gown.

Prebendaries of Westminster in surplices and copes.

The Dean of Westminster in surplice and rich cope.

The Master of the Jewel Office, with one of his Officers by him, both in scarlet.

Two Pursuivants of Scotland.

Bath King of Arms, in his habit of the Order, and crown in his hand.

CORONATION OF GEORGE III.

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<p>Knights of the Bath, not peers, in the full habit of the Order, two and two, carrying their caps and feathers.</p> <p>Blue Mantle. Pursuivant Rouge Dragon ditto.</p> <p> Privy Counsellors, not peers.</p> <p>His Majesty's Vice-Chamberlain, Hon. W. Finch.</p> <p> Earl Powis, Comptroller of the Household.</p> <p> Treasurer of the Household, the Earl of Thomond.</p> <p>Rouge Croix Pursuivant. Portcullis ditto.</p> <p> Heralds of Scotland.</p> <p>Baronesses in their robes of estate, their coronets in their hands, two and two.</p> <p>Barons in their robes of estate, their coronets in their hands, two and two.</p> <p>Norfolk Herald Extraordinary.</p> <p>Bishops in their rochets, their caps in their hands, two and two.</p> <p>Blank Coursier Herald. Brunswick ditto.</p> <p>Viscountesses in their robes of estate, their coronets in their hands, two and two.</p> <p>Viscounts in their robes of estate, their coronets in their hands, two and two.</p> <p>Lancaster Herald. Somerset Herald.</p> <p>Countesses in their robes of estate, their coronets in their hands, two and two.</p> <p>Earls in their robes of estate, their coronets in their hands, two and two.</p> <p>Windsor Herald. Richmond Herald.</p> <p>Marchionesses in their robes of estate, their coronets in their hands, two and two.</p> <p>Marquises in their robes of estate, their coronets in their hands, two and two.</p> <p>York Herald. Chester Herald.</p> <p>Duchesses in their robes of estate, their coronets in their hands, two and two.</p> <p>Dukes in their robes of estate, their coronets in their hands, two and two.</p> <p>The Lord Chamberlain of the Household, the Duke of Devonshire.</p> <p>Ulster, Clarencieux, Norroy Kings of Arms.</p> <p>Lord Privy Seal</p> <p> in his robes of estate, his coronet in his hand, being Earl Temple.</p> <p>The Lord Chancellor in his robes of estate, and coronet in his hand, bearing the purse.</p> <p>Lord Archbishop of Canterbury in his rochet, with his cap in his hand, Dr. Thos. Secker.</p> <p>Two Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber in proper mantles, white hats in their hands, representing the Dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy.</p> <p>Sir Wm. Breton. Sir Thos. Robinson.</p> <p> The Queen's Vice-Chamberlain.</p> <p> Lord Viscount Cantelupe.</p> <p> Two Gentlemen Ushers.</p> <p>The Ivory Rod with the Dove, borne by the Earl of Northampton in his robes, and</p> <p>The Queen's Lord Chamberlain, the Duke of Manchester, in his robes, with the coronet and staff in his hand, and the Scepter with the Cross, borne by the Duke of Rutland in his robes.</p> <p>The Queen's Crown, borne by the Duke of Bolton, in his robes of estate.</p> <p>Bishop of } THE QUEEN { Bishop of Norwich. } in her royal robes. { Lincoln.</p> <p>On her head a circlet of gold adorned with jewels, going under a canopy of cloth of gold, borne by sixteen Barons of the Cinque Ports. Her train supported by Her Royal Highness Princess Augusta in her robes of state, assisted by six Earls' daughters,</p>	<p>Lady Mary Grey, Lady Elizabeth Montague, Lady Jane Stewart, Lady Selina Hastings, Lady Heneage Finch, Lady Mary Douglas.</p> <p>Princess Augusta's Coronet, borne by the Marquis of Carnarvon.</p> <p>Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess of Ancaster.</p> <p>Two Women of Her Majesty's Bed-chamber.</p> <p>The King's Regalia, viz. :—</p> <p>St. Edward's Crown, borne by the Duke of Kingstown (robes).</p> <p>The Golden Spurs, borne by the Earl of Sussex (robes).</p> <p>The Scepter with the Cross, borne by the Duke of Marlborough in his robes.</p> <p>The Second Sword, borne by Earl of Suffolk (robes).</p> <p>The Third Sword, borne by Earl of Sutherland (robes).</p> <p>Usher of the White Rod.</p> <p>Lord Mayor of London in his gown, collar, and jewel, bearing the City Mace, Sir M. Blockiston.</p> <p>Lyon King of Arms of Scotland, carrying his crown in his hand, John Campbell Hooke, Esq.</p> <p>Garter Principal King of Arms, carrying his crown, Stephen Martin Leake, Esq.</p> <p>Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, with his rod, Sir Septimus Robinson.</p> <p>The Lord Great Chamberlain of England in his robes and coronet, and white staff in his hand.</p> <p>His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland in his robes of state, coronet in hand, his train borne by The Hon. J. Fitzwilliam.</p> <p>H.R.H. the Duke of York in his robes, coronet in hand, train-bearer Colonel Brudenell.</p> <p>Earl Marshal in his robes, coronet and staff, Earl of Ellingham.</p> <p>The Sword of State, borne by the Earl of Huntingdon in his robes.</p> <p>Lord High Constable of England in his robes, with coronet and staff in his hands, Duke of Bedford.</p> <p>Earl of Erroll, High Constable of Scotland, in his robes, with coronet and staff.</p> <p>The Scepter with the Dove, borne by the Duke of Richmond in his robes.</p> <p>St. Edward's Crown, borne by Earl Talbot, Lord High Steward, in his robes.</p> <p>Sergeants-at-Arms at each side.</p> <p>The Orb, borne by the Duke of Somerset (robes).</p> <p>Gentleman carrying Lord High Steward's Staff.</p> <p>Gentleman carrying the Lord High Steward's Coronet.</p> <p>The Paten, carried by the Bishop of Rochester.</p> <p>The Chalice, carried by the Bishop of Chester.</p> <p>The Bible, carried by the Bishop of Carlisle.</p> <p>Bishop of } THE KING { Bishop of Hereford. } in his royal robes. { Durham.</p> <p>Gentlemen Pensioners. Gentlemen Pensioners.</p> <p>On his head a cap of estate adorned with jewels, going under a canopy of cloth of gold, borne by sixteen Barons of the Cinque Ports. His train supported by six Lords, eldest sons of peers, viz. :— Viscount Mandeville, Marquis of Harlington.</p> <p>Lord Howard, Lord Grey, Lord Beauchamp, Lord Newnham, and at the end of the train, the Master of the Robes, Hon. J. Brudenell.</p> <p>The Standard Bearer of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners.</p> <p>Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard in his robes.</p> <p>Captain of the Horse in Waiting in his robes.</p> <p>Captain Band of Gentlemen Pensioners in his robes.</p> <p>Lieut. of the Band Gentlemen Pensioners in his robes.</p> <p>A Gentleman of the King's Bed-Chamber.</p> <p>Two Grooms of the Bed-Chamber.</p> <p>Ensign of the Yeoman of the Guard.</p> <p>Lieut. of the Yeoman of the Guard.</p>
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Exempts.

The Clerk of the Cheque to the Yeoman of the Guard,
who closed this grand procession.

N.B.—All Knights of the Garter, Thistle, or Bath wore the
collars of their respective orders.

I shall not attempt to describe the splendour and magnificence of the whole, and words must fall short of that joy and satisfaction which the spectators felt and expressed, especially as their majesties passed by, on whose countenances a dignity suited to their station, tempered with the most amiable complacency, was impressed. It was observable that as their majesties and nobility passed the corner, which commanded a view of Westminster Bridge, they stopped short, and looked back at the people, whose appearance (as they all had their hats off, and were thick planted on the ground, which rose gradually) I can compare to nothing but a pavement of heads and faces.

Having now gratified my eyes with the sight of this most grand procession, I hastened to my station in Westminster Abbey, and had the good fortune to arrive there before the procession, and took my seat in the first row in the gallery, behind the seats appropriated for the nobility, close to the square platform which was erected near the altar, with an ascent of three steps, for their majesties to be crowned on. As soon as the king and queen entered the Abbey, the choir struck up with an anthem, and after they were seated, divine service began; the Litany was chaunted by the Bishops of Chester and Chichester, and the responses made by the whole choir, accompanied by the entire band of music. Then the first part of the Communion Service was read, after which a sermon was preached by the Bishop of Salisbury, since created Archbishop of York, which only lasted fifteen minutes. This done, his majesty subscribed the Declaration and took the coronation oath, the solemnity of which seemed to strike him with an unspeakable awe and reverence, as it did most of the spectators, and I could not help reflecting on the glorious privilege which the English enjoy of binding their kings by the most sacred ties of conscience and religion.

The king was then anointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury with the oyl preserved for that purpose, first on the crown of his head, then his breast, and lastly the palms of his hands. After which, he was presented with the golden spurs and girt with the sword, and was then invested with the coronation robes—the “armills,” as they are called, or bracelets—and the imperial pall.

The orb with the cross was put into his majesty's left hand, and the ring was put upon the fourth finger of his majesty's right hand, by the archbishop, who then delivered the scepter with the cross, and the other with the dove; and, being assisted by several bishops, he lastly placed the crown reverently upon his majesty's head.

A profound, awful silence had reigned until this moment, when at the very instant the crown was let fall on the king's head, a man who had been placed upon the top of the Abbey dome, from whence he could look down into the chancel, with a flag which he dropt as the signal thereof, the park and Tower guns that moment began to fire; the trumpets sounded, and the Abbey echoed with the shouts and acclamations of the people. The peers and peeresses, who before had their coronets in their hands, now

put them on, as the bishops did their caps, and the deputy Dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy their hats. The Knights of the Bath in particular made a most splendid figure when they put on their caps, which were adorned with large plumes of white feathers; the kings of arms also put on their coronets. Silence again assumed her reign, and, the shouts ceasing, the archbishop proceeded with the rest of the divine service; and after he presented the Bible to his majesty, and solemnly read the benedictions, the king kissed the archbishops one after another as they knelt before him. The Te Deum was now performed, and this being ended, his majesty was elevated on a superb throne, which all the peers approached in their order, and did their several homages.

The coronation of the queen was performed in nearly the same manner with that of the king. The archbishop anointed her with the holy oyl on the head and breast, and after he had put the crown on her head, the Princess Augusta and the peeresses put on their coronets. Her majesty then received the scepter with the cross and the ivory rod with the dove, and was then conducted to a magnificent throne on the left hand of his majesty. The next and last ceremony was their receiving the Holy Communion, which they both received with a reverence that pleased every eye.

Prayers being over, the king and queen retired into St. Edward's Chapel, just behind the altar. Here their majesties received each of them a crown of state; and gold medals, struck on the occasion, were scattered amongst the nobility, silver ones being thrown among the populace as they came along. Everything now being completed in the Abbey, a procession was formed back again to Westminster Hall in much the same manner as before, save with this difference, that the king and queen wore their crowns on their heads, as did the peeresses and peers their coronets, the knights, etc., their caps. As it was late before we left the Abbey, the spectators had but a very dim and gloomy view of the procession as they returned. I had the precaution, ere they set out from the Abbey, to endeavour to be before them at the Hall, but had like to have been greatly disappointed, having, in pressing through the crowd, lost my ticket; but by the interest of one of the officers on guard (Captain Salter, of the Foot Guards), and the prevailing eloquence of half-a-crown, I got admittance, and immediately repaired to my first station at the third row of the first gallery, on the left-hand side, within twelve or fifteen yards of their majesties' thrones. I had flattered myself that a new scene of grandeur would have been presented to us in the return of the procession, from the reflexion of the lights, which were in number above three thousand, placed in gilt chandeliers hung up in the Hall, but was disappointed, as they were ordered not to be lighted until his majesty entered. Not even the brilliancy of the ladies' jewels, or the greater lustre of their eyes, had power to render our darkness visible. For a time the whole was confusion, irregularity, and disorder. However, we were afterwards amply recompensed for this partial eclipse by the bright picture which the sudden lighting of the chandeliers presented to us on the king's entrance.

Their majesties walked to the upper end of the Hall, where a platform was raised, with several ascents of steps, and then the king and queen, in

rich chairs of state, and the royal family sat at table on each side, down the whole length of the Hall. The rest of the company were seated at long tables, in the middle of which were placed, on elevations painted to represent marble, the deserts, etc. The nobility sat according to their rank, the peers outside, their ladies inside. At each table were represented in sweetmeats the different coronets of the nobility. Triumphal arches, grottoes, etc., all finely illuminated. Indeed, it is impossible for me justly to describe the splendour thereof, so magnificent a building as that of Westminster Hall lighted up with over three thousand wax lights in splendid branches; our crowned heads, almost the whole nobility, with the *elite* of the gentry, all most superbly arrayed, and adorned with a profusion of the most splendid jewels, and also the galleries on each side crowded with company all elegantly and richly drest. To conceive all this in its lustre, I am conscious it is absolutely necessary one must have been present. Their majesties' table was covered with three courses, at the first of which Earl Talbot, as Lord Steward of the Household, rode up from the Hall gate to the steps of the throne, and on his returning the spectators were presented with an unexpected sight in his lordship's backing his horse, that he might keep his face still towards the king.

Between the first and second course the champion of England, — Dymocke, Esq., in whose family it has been hereditary these 400 years, was introduced into the Hall on the grey horse his late majesty rode at the battle of Dettingen, in a suit of complete armour. The horse, as well as the rider, had his head adorned with a plume of red, blue, and white feathers, and was led by two of the king's grooms; his lance carried before him by an esquire. The Earl of Effingham, as Earl Marshal of England, rode on his left hand; the Duke of Bedford, as Lord High Constable, on his right. A herald-at-arms marched at a short distance before him, having in his hand the challenge, which at the Hall gate he first read as follows: —

"If any person of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay Our Sovereign Lord King George the third, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, grandson and next heir to Our Sovereign Lord King George the second, the last king deceased, to be right heir to the imperial crown of this kingdom of Great Britain, etc., or that he ought not to enjoy the same, Hero is His Champion, who saith that he lyeth, and is a false Traytor, being ready in person to combat with him, and in this quarrel will adventure his life against him on what day soever he shall appoint."

This being audibly read, the champion threw down his gauntlet in defiance, the trumpets sounded, etc.; but finding none so hardy as to dispute his majesty's title with him, his gauntlet was taken up and given to him, and he proceeded, attended as before, to the middle of the Hall, where the same challenge was again read over; and lastly they proceeded to the foot of the throne, where the ceremony was again acted over, which, being ended, a gilt cup of wine was reached by the Lord Chamberlain to his majesty, who, rising, drank to the health of his champion, and presenting him with it, the champion drank to his majesty's health, and returned back in the same state as before, carrying with him the cup as his fee. The ceremony of the champion being over, the heralds proclaimed aloud in three several

places of the Hall his majesty's titles in Latin, French, and English.

To enumerate the several dishes that were provided for the dinner, and sent from temporary kitchens erected in Cotton Garden, would be impossible. No less than sixty haunches of venison, with a surprising quantity of all sorts of game, were laid up for this grand feast; but that which chiefly attracted our eyes was their majesties' dessert, in which the confectioner had lavished all his ingenuity in rock-work and other emblematical figures. The other deserts were no less admirable for their devices. There was not the greatest order imaginable observed during the dinner, some of the company, especially the aldermen and those from the city, were as eager to satisfye their craving appetites as if indulging their stomachs at a member of parliament's treat or mayor's feast. This being no very agreeable sight to the gentry in the galleries, some of whom had been there since the night before, and had brought little or no eatables with them, they therefore endeavoured to come in for a share of the good things below. The ladies clubbed their handkerchiefs to be tied together—nay, even garters (I will not say of a different sex) were united to draw up a chicken or a bottle of wine. Some had been so provident as to bring baskets with them, which were let down from the galleries like prisoners' boxes out of the gaols, with a "pray remember the poor," and the nobility were so obliging as to furnish them with the best their tables afforded.

Their majesties, having dined and performed all the solemnities and ceremonies of this busie day, retired to St. James's at half an hour after ten at night, and were followed by the nobility. After they were departed, the illustrious mobility were admitted, according to ancient custom, into the Hall, which they immediately cleared of all the moveables—such as the victuals, cloths, plates, dishes, and, in short, everything that could stick to their fingers. Thus this most grand ceremony ended, to the satisfaction of every one. The city of London seemed to be in a blaze, and the night was concluded with every demonstration of joy the most loyal subjects could invent in honour to the best of kings.

THE SCIENCE OF BILL-STICKING.

THERE was a time, within the memory of persons who have not passed far beyond the middle term of life, when the practice of bill-sticking was open to everybody, and when any man who had bills to stick might stick them wherever it pleased his fancy. The dead walls, the gable ends of houses, the wooden fences of gardens, the palings of private grounds, the hoardings of builders, the shutters of shops to let, and countless other available areas, were all free warren open for the reception of bills, placards, proclamations, and announcements of every kind with which anybody chose to adorn them. Such freedom prevailed during the whole period of the existence of the State lotteries and for years after they had been abolished. Some of the effects of this general licence could not have been very pleasant to house-proprietors, who ran the risk of their premises being, in case they remained long unlet, literally buried alive under successive layers of printed sheets and bill-stickers' paste. It is a fact that shops and pre-

mises without tenants often became so sunk and embedded in the bill-stickers' contributions that they had to be laboriously dug out when the new tenant appeared. No small task it was to get rid of the accumulations of months or years; to decorticate, as one may say, the front of a house which had been so long choked and smothered with the productions of the printer.

It was the lottery-office contractors who first really discovered the importance of bill-sticking in a commercial point of view, and who set the example which has since been so persistently followed. The lottery placards were not only stuck up all about London, but in every city and market-town of the provinces; and it was the practice for bands of bill-stickers to travel the kingdom during the whole of the interval between the announcement of the scheme and the drawing of the prizes, posting up fresh bills—each of a more promising character than its predecessor—from time to time, in order to keep the general interest alive. It was the lottery-office keepers also who first originated the practice of printing placards in separate sections, to be formed into wholes by the care and skill of the bill-sticker, who combined their several parts on the walls and hoardings. Before this time, the largest placards were the royal and municipal proclamations, which were printed on a sheet little larger than demy, and covering about four square feet of surface; and that for the simple reason that the printing presses of the day (there were no printing machines in existence) could execute nothing larger. When Earl Stanhope improved the hand-press, much larger sheets could be printed, and were printed, and the placards increased in size. At the present time there is really no limit to the size of a poster, as it can be printed in separate portions, and these may be numerous enough, if need be, to cover the side of a house—an exploit which is actually sometimes accomplished. In the early stages of bill-sticking the task was often confided to women, and was paid for at a very low rate—a fact which shows us the low estimate traders had formed of the value of such a mode of advertising. But they were taught better by the example of the lottery projectors; and even before the lotteries were put down the entire commercial world had become perfectly well aware of the advantage derivable from keeping their names and their doings constantly before the eye of the public.

Between forty and fifty years ago (one cannot be quite exact) bill-sticking had arrived at its perigee, and, relatively to the population of the country, flourished far more extensively than it does now, for reasons which we shall presently see. Then, a traveller bound for the metropolis would take his place on the top of a coach, starting, say, a hundred miles away—north, west, or south, it didn't matter. For the first fifty miles of his route he saw nothing to remind him of London, but he had scarcely done half the journey when he would be warned of its termination by the spectacle of bills of all sizes and colours on the long walls, park-palings, cottage-gables, sheds, outbuildings, and other points of vantage, setting forth the merits of this and that particular article which he was sure to want at some time or other, and displaying in large capitals the name and address of the dealer. These announcements became more numerous as he drew near to town, and did not cease on his arrival, though they would then be crowded out of view for the most part

by rival displays. The dead walls of the London of that day were in a manner fought for by rival bill-stickers—each man, when quarrels arose, doing his best to cover up his antagonist's work by his own performance. So fierce was their hostility at times in certain localities, that a placard which remained legible for twenty-four hours was thought to have a long life. It may have been partly due to this unsatisfactory state of things that bill-sticking took its grand start upwards, which dated, if we are not much mistaken, from about the year 1832-3.

Some genius conceived the idea of climbing to the upper gable angles and chimney sides, and of covering the entire surfaces of empty houses with bills and placards. To carry out his purpose he invented the "joints," a simple apparatus plagiarised from the fishing-rod, familiar to every observant Londoner, by means of which a printed sheet of any size, being first pasted on the back, may be mounted to any height and fixed to any spot where there is room for it. It would not do, of course, to run up a long paragraph of small print to the height of thirty or forty feet, where nobody could read it without a telescope; and so it was necessary to study brevity in all such lofty announcements. And brief enough some of them were. There was "MECHI'S PASTA" in letters a yard long, or thereabouts, staring down upon all the world, and from all sorts of elevations, and rivalling the very chimney-tops, and doing so for four or five years without intermission. There was "CABBURN'S OIL," not quite so aspiring though quite as ubiquitous. There was "WARREN'S BLACKING," with that fierce Tom cat glassing himself in a brightly polished boot. There was "MOSES FOR CLOTHING;" and there were the names of popular actors and of the theatres at which they performed, and it was but rarely that any such high-flying banners sported more than half-a-dozen words. By degrees this mode of advertising by a few brief words began to spread itself lower down. It was recognised that London pedestrians are not given to stopping in the streets to spell over long bills; that the thing to be done is to catch their eye as they pass, and teach them by a single word or short phrase what you want them to know. How thoroughly this lesson has been learned and acted on would be seen by anybody who could compare the bills and placards of the first two decades of the century with those exhibited now.

About this time bill-sticking began in a measure to be superseded by a new method of advertising—that is, by stencilling. A few words being all that was wanted, it was easy to cut these out of a sheet of stiff paper, and by drawing a well-charged paint-brush over the sheet, to achieve the inscription, so to speak, at a single stroke. The thing was done in a few seconds; and ere long it was done on all sides, so that one could hardly walk a mile in any direction without seeing it. All through the London suburbs, wherever there was a practicable surface, the stencilers went to work, not unfrequently inscribing the very pavement on which they trod with puffs of Bolus's Pills or of Rubber's Cure for Rheumatism. As they advanced into the country they applied their process to the trunks of trees, the bars of field gates, the felled timber by the wayside, the planks of cow-sheds, or any substance whatever on which paint could be made to adhere. This sort of thing was gall and wormwood to the independent bill-stickers, and naturally made them bitter foes to the inno-

vators. The effect of their enmity was soon seen in the ruthless blotting out of the inscriptions along the whole line of route the stencilers had taken. So vigorous was the opposition that a stenciller returning from a day's expedition would not seldom find the whole of his day's work defaced.

Some forty years ago there were bill-sticking companies in London, who undertook to do the work more thoroughly than isolated individuals could. One part of their plan was to monopolise the best sites for posting by leasing them from the owners of property. They did not succeed in their monopoly, and they had to dissolve; but they did succeed in creating a species of property which had not existed before—a property, to wit, in bill-stickable surfaces. So it is that for many years past what may be called the common ground (or wall) of the bill-sticker has been growing more and more circumscribed, while the preserves have been proportionately extending. Builders used to complain of the trespass on their hoardings by the stickers, and, to deter them from such aggression, would nail up a board with "Stick no Bills" upon it. They do not do that now, save in exceptional cases; they rather lease the hoarding to an independent sticer, and allow him to do the best he can with it. A hoarding may be worth from twenty pounds to hundreds, according to the extent of surface it presents and the time for which it is available, so that a thriving builder may actually receive a considerable rental from bill-stickers. Again, there are in London acres of dead wall belonging to factories, workshops, cattle-layers, and other buildings admirably fitted for posting. Many of these, in fact most of them, which used to be free are now leased out, and if any piratical paste-pot should dare to invade them, the aggressor would assuredly smart for it. How this property plan, which seems to have been borrowed from the French (who to our knowledge have practised it for more than fifty years past), has affected the individual bill-stickers we cannot say; but it has answered extremely well for the advertisers. Under the old system, or rather no system, when he of the paste-pot took the bills and stuck them where he liked, and was paid so much a hundred for doing it, the owner of the bills had no means of knowing whether the work was honestly done or not. There was nothing to prevent a rogue from posting part of the bills and destroying the rest, or selling them for waste paper. But under the new system an advertiser need supply no extra bills; he knows where each of them will be affixed, and, better still, he knows they will not be overlaid or removed so long as he pays for their remaining.

The idea of movable hoardings—hoardings that should travel about—which, like Mohammed, should go to the mountain which would not come to them, was probably due to some ingenious old sticer who relented at the notion of paying rent for his pasting-ground. However that may be, certain it is that about the year 1848, famous for revolutions, there appeared in London streets a number of monster wooden boxes, wide as a wild-beast van, and even more lofty, stuck all over with placards of every description, and drawn by a single horse in the very last of his locomotive stages. They crawled along the streets at the rate of a mile an hour—they stopped frequently at public-houses to refresh—they lagged in Cheapside and Cornhill, and sauntered about the Mansion House and the Bank; and wherever there was a crowd, whether to laugh at Punch or to hoot a pick-

pocket, there they would pull up and take it easy, and give the old horse his nosebag. Perhaps if the first inventor of this modest machine had been allowed to stand alone, he might have made a fortune; but the "getters-up-behind" came to his assistance—the travelling hoardings became portentously numerous—they stopped the way here—they blocked the route there—they choked the main thoroughfares everywhere—until at length coachmen, cabmen, carmen, busmen, and the whole fraternity of the whip rose against them with one voice, demanding their abolition, and abolished they accordingly were by the municipal authorities, to the great convenience of the public.

We said above, that, relatively to the population, bill-sticking had declined of late years, and of this we have adduced incidentally some proof. But the era of declension dates properly from the establishment of railways, which by the year 1840 had become pretty general throughout the country. When the coaches had been beaten off the road, it was no longer of any use to stick up bills along the coaching routes, and that practice had to be discontinued; then the custom began of advertising by neat placards affixed to the interiors of railway carriages. These, which were intended to be permanent, were productions of a kind far superior to anything hitherto seen, and no expense was spared in getting them up. By-and-by it was found that the numerous railway-stations, with their long-boarded and sheltered platforms, presented a capital field for the display of placards, which could there be placed under the protection of the railway staff safe from injury or removal. In course of time this method of advertising grew in favour, and was eagerly embraced by a superior class of traders, who turned it to good account. When colour-printing came into vogue as a method of advertising, it was at the railway-stations that it made its most powerful appeals for public favour. Admirable decorative designs and artistic works of real merit vied with each other, not only at all the London termini, but at all the chief stations in the kingdom; and to this day most of the masterpieces of the placard colour-printers meet the eye of the traveller as he begins and ends his railway journey. It is not only at the railway-stations, however, that the coloured and pictorial placard or cartoon is to be seen. The largest cartoons are affixed to the walls and hoardings in all parts of London and in the great provincial towns; many of them cover an area of a hundred square feet, and some of them even double that. These monster sheets are generally scenes from some favourite drama, representations of wonderful exploits in the circus, or colossal portraits or full lengths of some public favourite who thinks proper thus to announce his advent. The cost of producing some of these pictures must be very great, looking to the merit of the design and the labour of printing them in colour—to say nothing of the trouble and skill of the poster, who has to mount them piecemeal to a height of twenty to forty feet.

Other causes of the declension of general bill-sticking were, the abolition of the paper-duty and of the duty on advertisements, which, taken together, led to the rise of the cheap newspapers, in which advertisements can now be inserted at a twentieth part of the cost of printing bills, not to mention that of sticking them up. Many thousands of advertisements are now published daily in newspapers

which, forty years ago, had they been published at all, would have appeared in the form of handbills or small posting-bills.

The number of bill-stickers in London is an unknown quantity, not to be ascertained by any method of calculation with which we are acquainted. The number of professed bill-posters, as they are styled, is about twenty, according to the "Directory." These are a substantial and respectable class of men, who for the most part combine with posting the business of advertising agency, and the carrying out of any and every means of advertising that has been devised. They know the best method of securing publicity—can tell you where and when to placard—where and when to advertise; and their advice is often of real value. They will contract for any amount of placarding, advertising, or handbilling; and it is to them that the originators of any new speculation for which the approbation of the public is indispensable have recourse in the first instance.

Meanwhile, the individual bill-sticker pursues his independent course, and sticks his bills, when he can get a job, wherever he can find room for them. His occupation is but an humble one, but he is likely to retain possession of it, for there are reasons enough why he should not be extinguished. Thus there is often occasion to have bills posted in localities where there are no private or preserved hoardings—as in cases of lost property, small auction sales, trade announcements applicable to but limited districts, parish affairs, local lectures or concerts, and various other matters interesting only to the immediate neighbourhood. If the paste-pot and brush do not engage the whole of his time, there is no harm that we can see in his filling up the rest of it as a mourner or a mute at a funeral, or as an auctioneer's out-door porter, or as a responsible messenger, or in any other capacity (save that of a peripatetic sandwich—that would be too bad) in which he could earn an honest shilling. One sometimes sees curious specimens of his art on the walls and palings of the suburban roads. Thus it is not uncommon to find a dozen or more impressions of the same placard stuck side by side in a row; or a couple of long-bodied posters stuck one over the other in the form of St. Andrew's cross; or a row of bills shall be stuck up diagonally instead of upright, heel to toe, as it were, producing a kind of zigzag effect; or bills shall lie along horizontally, as if they had gone to bed, so that one gets a crick in the neck by attempting to read them; and lastly, it sometimes happens, though rarely, that a bill shall be stuck on upside-down, so that to read it at all one should stand on one's head. It would be unfair, however, to attribute all these various phenomena to the whims and vagaries of the subject of our sketch, who, to say the truth, is not at all given to such flights of imagination. They are in all cases, we will undertake to say, due to the literal instructions of the proprietors of the placards, and may serve to illustrate that intense desire for publicity and notoriety which is one of the characteristics of the London trader. Perhaps, however, exception may be made in respect to the few bills that are stuck on upside-down, for there is a report current that a certain forlorn bill-sticker, living somewhere in the purlieus of Whitefriars, is innocent of the art of reading print—that he gets his wife to arrange all his bills right side upwards in his wallet before he sallies forth to stick them up, and that it is to her

remissness or oversight that the astonished pedestrian owes the occasional spectacle of a placard on a wall wrong side upward, and a ragged urchin standing on his head and offering to read it to you "right off for a brown, sir."

THE DATE OF EASTER.

IN the ecclesiastical year, according to the rule in the Prayer-book, "Easter day (on which the other movable feasts and holy days depend) is always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after the 21st day of March; and if the full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter day is the Sunday after."

Now, look at the almanack on the wrapper of the "Leisure Hour" (which our readers should note is specially prepared for it each month by Mr. Dunkin, of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, and contains some valuable astronomical notes). The full moon next after the 21st March is set down for April 8. The first Sunday after this is April 9, whereas the true date for Easter is April 16. This discrepancy has sorely exercised many minds, as on previous occasions, when the Church Calendar and the astronomers seemed to be at variance.

The truth is that the rule in the Prayer-book is wrong in two points, and needs correction. It is wrong in referring to the visible moon in the heavens, and wrong in referring to full moon instead of the fourteenth day after the Calendar moon of March. The Calendar moon falls on March 27, the fourteenth day after which is April 9, the first Sunday after which is April 16, Easter Sunday.

The error of referring to the moon in the heavens is obvious, for it is full moon at different times in different places. Why, even within so short a distance as London and Westminster, if the real moon were taken, Easter might fall on one Sunday in St. Paul's, and not till the following Sunday in Westminster Abbey! This was amusingly demonstrated by the late Professor de Morgan in the "Companion to the Almanack," for 1845: "The difference of longitude of the cathedral and the abbey is about seven seconds, say six seconds, to make sure of the argument; that is, the clock of St. Paul's, the more eastward of the two, ought to be more than six seconds faster than that of the abbey (or, now, of its neighbour, Big Ben). Hence Sunday morning begins at St. Paul's six seconds before it begins at Westminster Abbey. Now, suppose Easter regulated strictly by the Paschal full moon, as implied by the Act of Parliament, and suppose that on a Saturday evening at the abbey the Paschal full moon happens at three seconds *before* midnight, then at St. Paul's it will happen three seconds *after* midnight, on Sunday morning. That is, the Sunday just named is the next after the Paschal full moon at the abbey, and is Easter Sunday. But at St. Paul's the Paschal full moon falls on a Sunday, and Easter Sunday is the next Sunday after." It is time, therefore, that Convocation, or Parliament (as Prof. de Morgan seems to affirm that the error is due to the legislature), alter the rule, as long ago altered by Pope Gregory XIII, under advice of Clavius, or Schlöss, astronomer and mathematician.